

A Theory of Darkness

by TheBigCat

Category: Doctor Who, Fairy Tail
Genre: Adventure, Horror
Language: English
Characters: Erza S., I. Braxiatel
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-10 08:12:23
Updated: 2016-04-10 08:12:23
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:41:35
Rating: K+
Chapters: 2
Words: 5,269

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Not all things can be fixed, and not all things can be changed. Erza fights her way out of a difficult situation. Irving's investigations conclude.

1. A Theory of Darkness

This fanfiction is part of the Omniverse Event, a multi-fandom crossover story arc created by Golden Keyblade (look at his profile for more info). It should be worth noting that I've tried my best to make this story more-or-less standalone, and you shouldn't have to read any other Omniverse stories to understand this one, although I do encourage it (because Calvin's Quest is really good, and this one also intersects with my other Event stories, The Rift Effect, A Theory of Timelines and A Theory of Perseverance). This story concludes the Irving-centric arc, and marks the point where his story slides back into Benny's at the end of The Rift Effect (which is going to be concluded as well very soon!).

Please be warned that there's mildly disturbing imagery in here, including** mental and physical torture**. If that sort of thing is repelling or triggering to you, please turn back now!

I really enjoyed writing this story (although it gave me quite a bit of difficulty at times) because it gave me an opportunity to write for Erza, who I very much admire.

This is just a oneshot. That's all it is. Why doesn't anyone ever believe me when I say that?

* * *

><p>A Theory of Darkness

* * *

><p>They threw him in a few hours after dawn, in the cell right next to Erza's. He was tall, thin, and was wearing strange clothing that she couldn't quite place.<p>

He didn't speak for a very long time, instead choosing to tap his fingers impatiently against the concrete floor and glare at the door as if the very act of doing so would cause it to dissolve into pieces. The fact that he was trapped seemed to be more of an inconvenience to him, more than anything else.

He turned, after a few minutes of this, and a badly-hummed rendition of a song that she didn't recognize, and regarded her mildly.

"So," he said, voice laced with dark irony and just a touch of resignation. His accent was smooth and dignified, and quite unlike anything she had heard before. "What are you in for?"

"I went where I was not supposed to," she said after a moment of consideration. "They did not take to it kindly."

"I do that a lot too," said the man, almost to himself, and then straightened. "How does escaping sound to you?"

She laughed, slightly bitterly. "Do you think I haven't considered that already? The cells that we are in are magicproof. There is no way in Earthland that either of us could make it out of even _them_ without being caught by the guards, which patrol at randomized intervals. I have been here for several hours, and I have attempted to escape more times than I can count. There is only one way we will get out of here, and that is with outside help."

"True enough," he allowed with a slight smile. "However, I have an advantage that you don't."

She looked at him again, closer this time, and tried to visualize what this odd, soft-spoken man might have up his sleeve that she herself couldn't achieve. "Yes?"

"I don't need magic to achieve my goals," he told her, and pulled a thin cylindrical object from an inside pocket of his clothing. It had a small red crystal on the end, and could almost be a wand if it weren't for the fact it was made of a sort of metal.

"Don't be ridiculous," Erza said flatly. "You would not be in here if you didn't use any sort of magic."

"Yes," he agreed, "I thought that was rather odd myself." And with that, he pointed his strange metal wand at the bars of his cell. It emitted a whining, buzzing noise that made Erza wince and clap her hands over her ears, but it seemed to do the trick—the door creaked and clicked and quietly swung open.

The man looked pleased with himself, while Erza resorted to openly gaping at him in disbelief.

"Impossible," she said, teeth gritted.

"I try," he said lightly. "Would you like me to let you out, too?"

She stared at him suspiciously for a second, and then reached out with a hand, trying to access her pocket universe, just in case the magic guards had been bypassed. She hit a block almost instantly that shocked her entire body, and she recoiled, letting her hand drop.

"Yes," she said. "Please do."

She had expected him to make her beg to let her out, or maybe make a snide comment on her situation, but to her great surprise, all he did was raise an eyebrow and apply his wand to her own cell's lock.

It clicked open, and she rose to her feet, pushing the cell door open and flexing her fingers as the magic came rushing back. With a quick motion, she grasped her hands on thin air, pulling her favourite, strongest sword out from nowhere. She smiled thinly, wrapping her fingers tightly around the hilt, feeling a lot better already. She spun around quickly, and reequipped into her regular armour, which swirled around her, replacing the filthy clothing that she had been wearing before. "There we go," she muttered under her breath, and turned back to the man, who was watching with undisguised interest.

"Most impressive," he complimented, and offered her his hand. "My name is Irving Braxiatel. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Erza Scarlet," she replied, not taking his hand. "Let's save the pleasantries for when we get out of here."

"Agreed," he said, and pointed into the darkness that was the corridor the cells were strewn along. "That way, I believe."

* * *

><p>For the first few corridors, nothing happened. They didn't encounter any guards or monsters lurking in the shadows, and they made it up to the next floor, which was considerably lighter and even had some tasteful wall decorations- large, intricate tapestries with images of a sprawling, glowing city made of gold and another city covered in dark purple.<p>

"They look like something out of a dream," said Erza, pausing to run her fingers along the old fabric.

"Maybe they are," replied her companion cryptically, and motioned for them to continue. "Come on, only three levels left, I believe."

And they kept on walking

It was on the stairs to the third level below the ground floor that they began to notice something wrong. It was faint, almost out of the range of hearing, but unmistakably, undeniably there- a sound like a room of people whispering malicious things about you behind your back. It was unsettling and off-putting, causing shivers to go up Erza's spine as if somebody had been scraping their fingernails down a chalkboard.

Irving paused. "Do you hear that?"

"Yes," Erza frowned, stopping as well. She turned on the spot. "Where

is it coming from?"

He glanced up to the ceiling, and his eyes widened. "Look up."

She did, and she immediately cursed under her breath. There wereâ€¦|_thingsâ€¦|_attached to the ceiling. They looked almost like snakes, but with more tentacles- and they were deep purple in coloring. One of them swivelled to look at her, opening its eyes with a lazy squelch.

They were bright red, and glowing.

"Move," she said shortly, pushing at Irving's back, causing him to hurry up the stairs a bit quicker. They both exited to the next floor, where they spent a few minutes panting and sending cautious glances towards the stairs, where- thankfully- no snake-like monsters decided to emerge.

"I do not like this place," said Irving flatly.

"That makes two of us," Erza said, beginning along the hallway, summoning a sword to her hand.

* * *

><p>At the end of the hallway was a curious sort of blackness.<p>

Erza and Irving looked at each other warily.

The darkness swirled and turned itself inside out with a sound like squelching jelly. Erza was able to catch the faintest glimpse of undulating, writhing tentacles before she blinked. It was gone and all that was left was a face, carved into the blackness like somebody had taken a knife to the dimensions of time and space and ripped out chunks of it messily so that the white light beyond was peering through. The face grinned at them, parts of it drooping, its mouth a crude crescent. One of its eyes was simply a semi-circle with a long crack running through it, and the other was an almost perfect oval.

Erza swallowed, goosebumps prickling over her arms in waves. "What is _that_?"

"I have no idea," said Irving grimly, and that, more than anything, was what made it terrifying. She bit down on the sudden burst of fear that had surged through her- panicking wouldn't do any good, not now. The face hadn't made any movements apart from hovering in the darkness- it wasn't a threat, not yet.

"It could be friendly," she suggested, trying to make light of the situation.

Irving snorted, pulling out his metal wand. "Does it _look_ friendly to you?" He pressed down on the side, and it lit up, whirring and buzzing. The whirring climbed in pitch and speed, and a peculiar clicking sound began to emanate from it. Irving frowned, and pulled his finger from the switch, but it kept on buzzing and clicking.

He dropped it to the floor, just in time for it to explode rather

dramatically in a cloud of sparks and smoke. He cursed lowly in a language that she didn't recognize, but she understood the meaning quite clearly.

With a flick of her hand, the sword disappeared, replaced with a long pole. Grimacing, she poked it forwards tentatively into the cloud of blackness, but hit an invisible barrier before it could reach the face. She moved it along the barrier, trying to find a gap or imperfection, but withdrew it when she could find none. The end of the pole was blackened, but apart from that, it seemed to be fine.

"That was a perfectly good pole," she muttered unhappily, dispelling it.

"I'm having a _Star Wars _moment," Irving said under his breath, and Erza turned to him, puzzled. He shook his head. "Of course, you wouldn't understand. Let's just sayâ€¦ I have a very bad feeling about this."

"Finally, a sentiment that I can agree with," she said, offering him a wry smile.

The darkness reached out to them, extending its shadowy hands, and they both jumped back, almost in complete synchronisation.

The darkness hissed at them- at first nonsensical babbling that sounded like a room of people whispering- but then it increased in volume, with static hissing behind it like an entire nest of vipers squirming angrily together. Screams, very faint, began to filter through, and the grin that was ripped into the darkness increased, the jagged crack running through its eye becoming even more pronounced.

"Run," said Erza shortly, dispelling all of her armour to make it easier for her to move, and she caught Irving's arm, dragging him back through the door that they had come. He didn't resist in the least, allowing himself to be pulled along.

The darkness had other idea.

The sound of babbling and screaming increased, and it intensified as a thin thread of dripping black whipped out from the writhing mass and wrapped its way tightly around Irving's ankle. He grunted angrily, and pulled his foot sharply away, snapping the thread.

A thicker string looped itself around his neck, and he let out a strangled yell as it tried to pull him backwards into the mass of black coiled in front of the other exit. Erza turned, bit her lip, and launched herself at his neck, attempting to prise the black thread from his throat. It wasn't working very well. It was almost as if it had fused itself to his skin.

"This," she panted furiously, wrestling against the strength of the black, "is probably the point where you should tell me to run and save myself."

He rolled his eyes at her, and planted his feet into the ground to prevent himself from moving- a rather ineffectual move, it wasn't helping in the least.

The mouth swarmed closer, the cuts in the fabric of reality sliding over each other like closely-packed insects made of light.

"**_TRANSMISSION BEGINS,_**" it hissed at them, distorted and tortured. The screams were still filtering through. "**_DARK, DARKER, YET DARKER._**"

Erza breathed in deeply, smelling death and coal and dust, and kept pulling at the black, which had branched out from where it had started, a messy web that was slowly crawling over Irving's skin, down below his collar and across his arms. Judging by his small noises of pain, it wasn't pleasant in the least.

"You're-" Irving choked out, and his face twisted in pain. "You're the one who contacted us, a-aren't you?"

This made no sense to Erza, but the face swirled, the blackness trailing around and inside and behind it, and it moved closer still. Erza clenched her fist, and tried to reach into her dimension for a suitable weapon. Her magic was half gone, but she figured that this was the best use of it at this point.

"**_NOT ALL THINGS CAN BE FIXED_**," grated the voice from the face. "**_NOT ALL THINGS CAN BE CHANGED. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAVE EVERYONE, AND THIS IS A LESSON THAT YOU MUST LEARN._**"

Erza gritted her teeth and _forced,_ and Heaven's Wheel formed around her, the familiar plated armour blooming over her skin. She gripped her two swords in her hand, glancing up to see the rest of them in their ring around her.

"_Dance, my swords_," she hissed sharply, and lunged forwards as all of her blades spun and danced in a deadly wave in the direction of the face and the darkness. She sliced viciously, expecting the shards of black to fall to pieces before her-

-but nothing happened.

Her swords fell through the bonds and shadows like they weren't even there, embedding themselves in the wall with several loud _thud_s.

She halted, staring at the face and then at Irving. "I- I don't understand-"

The shadows darted forwards, _grabbing _her, and forcing her against the wall next to her swords, and her armour fell away and turned back into the clothing that she had been wearing in the cell. She struggled for a moment, while Irving gave her the most sympathetic look he could while being held by a mass of shadows.

The face turned to her. "**_DO YOU SEE THIS?_**"

The shadows whipped themselves into frenzy, with Irving at the very centre, hoisting him up by his arms and holding him suspended in the middle of the hallway, between the ceiling and the floor. The black web was now almost entirely covering his skin- she could see flashes of it on his ankles, and everything but his eyes was practically

obscured.

"**_THIS IS PROOF OF WHAT I SAY._**" In the voice, there were wolves howling and lions screaming in pain and fairies, whether they existed or not, pleading for their lives and their tails, and millions upon millions of voices crying for help, and demons laughing, and Erza was now biting her lips together so hard they were bleeding, a slow trickle running down the side of her cheek.

Irving opened his eyes, and looked directly at her.

_Help, _he mouthed.

She tried to reach for her magic, but it was almost completely gone. The best that she could manage was to summon her pole, but that wouldn't do any good at all.

"I'm sorry," she murmured, not sure if he could hear it or not.

The shadows struck, flaying across Irving's skin and neck and body, and he twitched convulsively as one lone strand brushed itself tenderly across his lips and wormed its way through his hair, caressing it.

"**_NO_**," said the mouth quite suddenly, jerking Erza out of her horrified reverie. She turned her head- it was about all she could move- to stare at it, hovering next to hers. It smiled again. "**_DON'T START SCREAMING YET_**."

"I will not scream," she said defiantly, twisting her arms against the shadows that were binding her. They were starting to burn her skin. "I don't know who you think you are, but-

"**_WAIT FOR A MOMENT,_**" it interrupted, weaving its way almost casually through the hallway, so that it hovered just above Irving's head. He was staring at the wall with a very fixed and very grim expression on his face, like he was resigned to this. "**_WAIT UNTIL I SHOW YOU THE INSIDE OF THEIR MIND._**"

The shadows froze, fixed in place as if they had been waiting for this.

"The inside of m-my-" Irving began, snapping out of it. "No. No. _No, _don't you_ dare-_"

"What are you _doing?_" Erza roared, twisting back and forth, rocking against the wall frantically. "What in the name of the _gods _do you think you are doing, you- you- _monster!_"

A hand rose out of the mass of black, and the screaming reached a crescendo, and the sound of hissing was so loud that it almost drowned out the sound of the screaming, and the hand _reached __**its f in ge rs in to h is he a d-**_

_reality twists up and down and sideways like it's being thrown around in a glass jar in a thunderstorm in the middle of the ocean and up is down and sideways is blue and Tuesday tastes like cherry ice cream and bone so ufflÃ©-

_and Irving screamed and _screamed _and _screamed _like the world

was ending and Erza fought desperately against the shadows that were pinning her to the wall and she was yelling almost as loudly as him and the hissing although she couldn't see what was making him scream, it must have been _bad _if he was like this-

-and then Irving turned and looked into her eyes, and she _saw._

_ - The look on Romana's face when she sees that he he's betrayed her and manipulated her, and that everything that they've been through has been just a game, and Leela's expression of disbelief and Narvin's look that says, plain and clear 'I told you so' and he was right wasn't he all along_

_ - Pandora digging her talons through his brain and his memory and crouching there in the corners of his brain and whispering to him at all the right moments with her dark, evil, thoughts wouldn't it be nice to just give up for once_

_ - The blood pooling in his stomach, hot and red and wet as he stares into the eyes of his brother's alternate self, so similar and yet so different, smirking an ugly smirk as he feels the blade deep inside him and they both fal into nothingness and eternity forever_

_ - Bernice lying on the ground only metres from him and reaching out for him even as his strength draws away with a desperate look on her face even though he's ruined her life completely isn't that funny why isn't he laughing_

_ - A world on fire as he stands in the ashes, looking out at the Capitol, which crumbles and falls and there's nothing he could have done about it except there was because it's all his fault_

NOW YOU MAY SCREAM.

And Erza pressed her lips together, and bowed her head, and refused to scream, a single tear rolling down her cheek- out of frustration or maybe something else.

SCREAM FOR ME," it hissed, coiling its hand-tentacles around her head, and tugging at her hair and mind. "***_SCRE A M FO R M E_***"

Erza gave up.

She screamed, and screamed, and so did Irving, and their voices mingled together to make a duet of pain and terror and darkness.

* * *

><p>Eventually, she realized that she should probably stop screaming because it wasn't doing her much good- so she did, and she looked around.<p>

The creature with the face made of torn-apart darkness was swirling to itself in the corner, seemingly unaware of its surroundings. It seemed to be sleeping.

In the centre of the room, Irving was still floating, surrounded by the frozen strands of darkness, looking battered and beaten and almost defeated.

She reached out again, and was annoyed to find that her magic was still at near-zero levels. She closed her eyes furiously, and thought, hard.

And then smiled.

She manoeuvred her hands- not her arms, they were still bound to the wall- so that they were at a slight angle to each other, and _tugged_ _sharply_ at her magic so that the long wooden pole rebounded sharply from nowhere and into her hands, shattering the shadows as it did so.

Irving glanced up at the sudden noise, but she shook her head at him, and brought one of her newly freed hands up to her mouth in a _shush_ motion. He nodded, but kept watching her curiously.

Working quickly, she jammed the pole in the narrow gap between the shadows and her ankle and brought it sharply outwards, scattering the shadows and moving her leg before they could reform and trap her again. She did the same with her other leg, and then fell to the ground, landing lightly in a crouched position.

She shot a thumbs-up to Irving, and made her way around to his back, trying her best to ignore the slowly shifting pile of darkness with the face and the fact that the shadows appeared to be whispering to each other.

She jammed the pole into the sliver of shadow that was suspending the man, and was pleased when it retracted itself hastily and Irving dropped to the floor, rather less gracefully than she herself had.

"Are you-" she started.

"I'm fine," he grunted, lurching to his feet. He gritted his teeth. "My arm, it's-"

"Quick," she said, tucking her pole underneath an arm and helping him stand. "Before it wakes up again-"

"**_ARE YOU TRYING TO ESCAPE ME?_**"

"Damn," Irving muttered, limping towards the exit, with Erza supporting him on one side.

"Don't turn back," she snapped and gripped her pole tightly as the darkness began to surge up around them. She shoved him in the small of the back, sending him stumbling up the stairs, and turned to face the _thing_ head-on.

"**_YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE INEVITABLE,_**" it hissed at her, raking at her skin with its claws.

"No," she agreed, smiling despite the situation. "But I can postpone it."

With several well-placed swipes, she jabbed the stick into the monsters eyes in a calculated, precise wave of movements, and finished off by throwing it directly at his head and running like

hell, grabbing Irving's arm as she passed him.

"That w-was incredibly stupid," Irving gasped.

"It was calculated," Erza argued, dragging him forwards. "And slightly stupid, yes, but I saved your life, so why are you complai-"

"Force of habit," he wheezed, and they hurtled up another flight of stairs. The large wooden doors marking their exit were directly up ahead, and Erza dropped Irving's arm to attempt to push them open.

"Locked!" she exclaimed angrily, pounding on them with her fists.

"Magic," suggested Irving, leaning against the wall and looking rather pale.

"I'm all out, and I cannot unlock doors," she began snappishly, but then her eyes narrowed. "Give me a second."

"I'm waiting," he said.

She closed her eyes, _concentrated, _and-

Her favourite nonmagical sword materialized in her hands. She opened her eyes, grinned savagely, and leapt at the door, using the ground as a springboard to drive her into the wood, sword first. It cracked and splintered, and caved in. Daylight filtered through, and she turned to Irving triumphantly.

They stumbled out of the prison together.

* * *

><p>"Er-chan!" a voice called.<p>

Erza coughed, and waved. "Over here!"

Within several minutes, four other people (and two cats) were clustered around Erza and Irving.

"What happened?" Lucy asked anxiously, hands hovering by her sides like she wanted to do something but wasn't quite sure what. "You lookâ€|"

"Yes," Erza said, and sat down heavily on the ground. "I know."

"You look like you got into a really cool fight!" Natsu exclaimed eagerly. "Was it with this guy, or- ow!"

Gray had just stepped on his foot pointedly.

"I'll heal you!" Wendy yelped, sitting down next to her- hands glowing brightly already. "Look, just hold still for a second, and-"

"Deal with him," Erza interjected, waving a hand vaguely in Irving's direction- who, indeed, was looking as if he was about to collapse

and eyeing the two cats cautiously.

Wendy bit her lip, but nodded, standing up and hurrying over to stand next Irving.

"Fractured ribs," he said in response to her questioning glance, "broken arm, and bruising over most of my body."

"Anything I should know about?" she asked, hands beginning to glow again. "Medical problems? Allergies?"

"I have two hearts," he said dully, sitting down. "Stay away from my nervous system, and I'll be fine."

She frowned, but clenched her fists together quickly before splaying her fingers outwards, allowing the magic to spread down along his skin.

He closed his eyes for a second after she had finished, and then opened them. "That wasâ€¦ quite remarkable. Thank you. "

Wendy blushed, and scurried backwards into the group, with a hastily muttered 'you're welcome'. "Your arm should be healed in an hour or so," she said quickly.

"So what's in there?" Natsu asked, pointing at the prison.

"Something evil," Erza replied darkly. "Don't go in."

"I'm going in," Natsu decided, turning cheerfully on his heel and starting towards the prison. Lucy caught the back of his scarf, tugging him back.

"Idiot," she snapped.

"We nearly died," said Irving flatly. "Don't go in."

Natsu pouted.

"Miss Scarlet," Irving said, turning his head to look at her. "If I could have a word?"

She looked at him for a moment, and then nodded, standing up. "Fine."

* * *

><p>"I'm not from your world," he said as soon as they were alone.<p>

"I guessed," she said. "It is sort of obvious."

He smiled wryly. "Yes, well." His expression flattened off again. "I was going to ask you to help me with the problem that's currently sweeping the omniverseâ€¦ but, thenâ€¦"

She nodded, despite not quite understanding what he was talking about. "That happened, yes. But what makes you think that I wouldn't want to help you?"

He shook his head. "You've seen the inside of my mind, Erza Scarlet, and for some reason you aren't screaming and running away at the sight of me. That is a miracle in itself."

"I've seen worse," she said dryly. "My friend. he used to be possessed by the spirit of the most evil wizard this world has ever seen."

"Whereas all I've done is ruin the lives that everyone I've ever known," said Irving humourlessly. "I suppose that pales in comparison."

She smiled. "What would I have to do to help?"

He gave her a curious sort of look. "You'd mainly have to keep an eye out for intruders from other universes and timelines."

"Like you."

"Like me," he agreed. "Are you sure about this?"

"I can take care of myself," said Erza.

He dug into his pocket, and pulled out a thin, metallic object. "Call me anytime there's a problem. I make no guarantees to if I'll pick up or not, but-

"Call you?" Erza interrupted.

He closed his eyes. "Of course, you don't know- you're smart. You'll figure it out."

"I will," she agreed, and took the object. "Farewell, Irving."

"Goodbye, Miss Scarlet," he said.

"Wait," she said, a thought suddenly occurring to her. She offered him her sword that was still in her hands. "Take this."

He eyed it for a second. "Any particular reason why?"

"Swords are very useful things," she told him.

He smiled at that. "They are indeed."

With that, he took the sword from her, tucking it carefully underneath his non-injured arm.

He walked away into the setting sun.

2. Addendum

****A passing conversation:****

P: You keep calling me.

F: You never pick up.

P: Maybe that's because I don't _want _to pick up.

F: That's your problem, Irving. You never want to be reminded of what the future may hold, even if it's inevitable. You were always like that.

P: Maybe I was. What do you need?

F: We won't be able to talk any more.

P: _That's _the reason you keep calling me? To tell me you can't call? I think you're getting ahead of yourself, you-

F: Pointless.

P: What?

F: Pointless. All of this ridiculous prattling is _pointless. _I can't believe I was ever you!

P: I can't believe I'm going to _be _you.

F: What do you want from me? To stay exactly as you are right now? What good would that do? _Change _is necessary.

[Pause]

P: I'm going back to Legion.

F: I thought you might.

P: I'm going back to find Benny, who is apparently _in trouble._

F: How lovely for you.

P: You don't care.

F: No.

[Pause]

F: Take care of yourself.

P: I _will,_ if you leave my life well enough alone.

[Call ends.]

* * *

><p>Tragedy [?] began ? ? ? **Irving Braxiatel [IB]
**at 13.04

**?: **You look really tired, Irving. Are you all right?

**?: **Oh, right.

**?: **I'm being silly again, aren't I? Sorry. :(

**?: **You were just tortured, of course you aren't all right!

^_^

**?: **Sorry about that, by the way!

**?: **I hope you recover soon, though!

**?: **â€¦|

?: Irving?

**?: **Are you paying attention to me?

**?: **Are you- ignoring me?

**?: **That's not very nice, Irving! :(

**?: **Come onâ€¦| talk to me! ^-^

**IB: **who are you

**?: **!

**?: **He lives! :D

**?: **What do you mean, 'who are you'?

**?: **Don't you remember me? :(

**IB: **no

**IB: **you're another one of the numrous people who keep dropping cryptc coments in my direction

**IB: **i do not remember you

**?: **! :(

**?: **That's a shame!

**?: **Say, why are you typing so weirdly?

**?: **You're not using proper spelling and punctuation!

**IB: **i apologize for having a brokn arm

**?: **! D:

**?: **I'm so sorry! This is all my fault!

**IB: **what

**?: **I shouldn't have let my pet and his pets out of their cageâ€¦| they do so much damage!

**?: **Oh gosh, I hope you're all right!

**IB: **i was tortred

**IB: **you've been through this

**IB: **please get to the point

**?: **Oh yes, that! ^-^

**?: **I just wanted to askâ€¦|

**?: **Are you enjoying my game so far, Irving? I'm having ever so much fun!

**IB: **game

**IB: **what

**?: **This is only the beginning, though!

**?: **So many people are playing!

**IB: **you started this

**?: **Oh, no! Of course I didn't!

**?: **I don't have nearly enough power!

**IB: **who did then

**?: **no idea!

**?: **:D

**IB: **not helpful

**?: **: (

**?: **I need to go, Irving, I'm so sorry! :(

**IB: **wait

**?: **:) !

**Tragedy [?] **ceased ? ? ? **Irving Braxiatel [IB] **

End
file.